# Dope the Story of the Living Dead

Winifred Black and Fremont Older

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# DOPE

*The Story of the Living Dead*

*by*

Winifred Black

*With a Foreword by*
Fremont Older

*Star Company, New York*
*1928*

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*Printed in the United States of America by*
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

# WINIFRED BLACK

## *An Appreciation*

## *by*

## *Fremont Older*

In these pages Winifred Black tells the story of narcotic addiction, and I do not know of anyone else in this world who could tell it as effectively as she does. She knows thoroughly this story of human weakness. She knows where the drugs come from and where they go; she knows what kind of people become addicts, and why they become the pathetic victims of a narcotic; she knows what they were like before, and what they are like after they lose their grip on themselves and sink into this worst form of human degradation. Anyone who reads even the first page of this book will see at once how well she knows this story and how she feels about it.

Back of Winifred Black in her soul-stirring crusade against the narcotic evil stands William Randolph Hearst. They both have *pity*—that divine quality without which our superiority to other forms of life would become an idle boast. Without it we can never have a real civilization.

Mr. Hearst has in himself the same fierce disgust for this devastating evil, and the same compassion for its victims, that move in every line Mrs. Black writes. I do not know when or how Mr. Hearst became interested in this particular work, but ever since he began his career as an editor and publisher he has fought the battles of the poor and the weak, and has tried to make the world less harsh toward them. He never forgets Narcotic Week, nor forgets to remind his editors when it is approaching. This unfailing memory of his is frequently very disturbing to his employees who may lack his youthful interest in common humanity. He keeps this subject alive whenever the occasion arises, forces it under the noses of his readers and continues to demand that the Government kill this dreadful traffic. And, finally, when it is killed, he will have done more than any man in the United States to accomplish its death.

Winifred Black does not tell you much about herself in these pages. She has a story to tell and she tells it, leaving herself out. But between the lines every reader will see that the writer is one whose heart is as big as the world she loves. This particular crusade of hers is only one of many that she has made in her busy years. I can vividly recall when she began her newspaper career as a young girl, and I have followed her work through those years. Her love for mankind shone through all of her

earliest articles, and quickly brought to her a large and loving audience. I know of no other woman writer in America whose work has brightened the lives of so many women and children. She is loved today in millions of American homes.

Mrs. Black is one of the few persons I have known who really love human beings and human nature, and are glad to be alive in the world. Through a lifetime of many sorrows she has never lost the zest for living that is the secret of her remarkable success. She loves this world and loves every part of it. She loves the good things men and women do, and condones their little weaknesses; she loves their fine traits, but most of all she loves courage and patience and generosity and largeness of heart, for these are a part of Winifred Black, of Annie Laurie as we know her in California, and they make her what she is.

She loves the fog that comes down over San Francisco hills, loves the white ships on the bay, loves the blue and white lilacs on California's hills, the red berries on the mountains, the flowers in shadowed places, the gay poppies of this state out West. She has a healthy attitude toward life, she has gusto for living, she stands for a life that is clean, wide and fair, and homely with health—and it is this genius for joy that makes her kind toward men and women and children who have been deprived of the life she holds most precious.

Because she loves the best things on earth, she can write most lovingly about the worst. Because she gives her admiration to some sturdy old woman who lives in poverty in a humble house beyond reach of the railroad tracks, and is not even aware that she lives in beautiful courage, Mrs. Black can turn to pen and ink and tell the story of the lives of weaklings and what narcotics do to them. And because she loves California poppies beside California roads, she can write of the curse of the white Indian poppies that put men and women into the gutter.

I believe this book will have a wide influence in stimulating people to fight the great evil that this splendid woman has been battling so brilliantly for ten years of her life. The work she has done has lessened the traffic, but it has not been stopped. Until it is, she will continue her work.

My hope is that she may live to see America entirely free from this dreadful curse that has destroyed so many lives. It would be a glorious achievement for her, serving as a fitting climax to a life devoted to bringing happiness to America's inarticulate millions.

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# DOPE

*The Story of the Living Dead*

# DOPE

## *I—The Story of the Living Dead*

THE Story of the Living Dead—sounds sensational, doesn't it? Well that's what they say over in Europe when they start discussing the American dope situation and the steady, inexorable, terrifying growth of the dope evil in this country year by year, month by month, day by day, almost hour by hour; it sounds like a bad dream.

What do the actual facts and figures show?

They show that the United States uses twice as much dope as France in proportion to the population, three times as much as England, four times as much as Germany, and eight times as much as Italy.

From a total purchase of 250 tons of crude opium used by licensed or authorized American manufacturers in the first ten months of 1919, over 35 tons of morphine were extracted.

One ton of morphine is all that could legally be prescribed in that time.

During this short period, we imported ten times more crude opium than the combined populations of Germany, France, and Italy. These are not imaginary statistics dreamed in a vision; they are plain, actual, every-day figures taken from plain, actual, government reports.

And that isn't counting the contraband dope at all. That's simply counting the regularly imported narcotic. What the score would be if the smuggled dope were to be counted, no human being can estimate, for of course the legal narcotics are only about an eighth of the narcotics used.

Add up these figures, and you will find that there are eight grains per capita of dope for every man, woman, and child in the United States. If that narcotic were given in the usual medical dose of one-eighth of a grain each, it would be enough to keep every man, woman, and child in this great country of ours "doped" for one week.

One whole week understand. Every man, woman, and child!

No schools, no shops, no trains moving, no

automobiles running—all the restaurants closed —all the theaters dark—no churches—no moving pictures—no traffic—in any one of the streets, from Maine to California.

Boston dead—New York asleep—Chicago in a stupor—San Francisco in a dazed trance. Interesting idea, isn't it?

And it isn't an idea alone. It's a plain, practical fact, and everyone who has studied the dope question in this country knows it.

The New York Department of Correction has just finished an exhaustive study of narcotic conditions throughout the country, and the findings of the Committee of Investigation announce that beyond the cavil of a doubt, 60 percent of the criminals in jails and penitentiaries, and out of them, are narcotic addicts.

That same committee announces officially that there are 200,000 known and officially recorded addicts in New York City alone, and that leaves out the thousands and thousands who are not recorded at all.

In the upper part of Michigan, they have found just recently eighteen practising physicians—in good and regular practise mind you —who are narcotic slaves themselves.

You don't need much imagination to get an idea what that means to the people who go to these doctors for help.

United States District Attorney in Southern California makes the statement that 60 percent of the time of the two Federal Grand Juries in Los Angeles and Fresno is taken up with cases of violation of the Harrison Narcotic Act.

He says further that the forces of the Government and the Federal appropriations are nowhere near powerful enough to cope even half-way with the situation.

The Federal Grand Jury at El Paso, Texas, reports that boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen are being taught the use of narcotics.

When these boys get into the grip of dope they sell their clothes to get the money to buy their daily poison; and when that money is all gone, they start to pilfer, at first at home and then at school.

Then they become pickpockets and petty-larceny thieves, and then they start robbery and what they call down there "gun-play," all to get drugs enough to keep going.

Every police officer in the United States can

tell you hair-raising stories of what dope is doing to the young boys and girls in his district.

Every judge in every police court, and in every Federal court too, for that matter, knows the same story, and every welfare worker in this country can give you a separate and distinct version of the same horrifying tale.

Ten or fifteen years ago, the average age of the professional criminal was something between thirty and thirty-five.

Today the average criminal isn't a day over twenty-two and nine times out of ten, he is no more than twenty.

It is no novelty at all, to find boys of fifteen and sixteen belonging to hold-up gangs, and the first thing the arresting officer who has to deal with these gangs says, is: "Where did you get the dope?" For almost without exception the gangster is a dope-fiend.

Just how much did Hickman, the California kidnaper and murderer know about dope?

Nobody knows—yet.

But the whole, cruel, outrageous, unnatural business reeks to heaven of dope.

It has all the earmarks of a typical narcotic crime—the callous heartlessness, the eager

clutch for money, the brazen impudence, the braggadocio, the collapse at capture, the sudden recovery, the quickly recaptured egotism—after the confession.

You couldn't describe a dope crime or a dope criminal step by step and attribute by attribute better than the Hickman affair records it.

How did he happen to confess when he had been locked up for a while? Did they take away his narcotic, and then when he had confessed give it to him again?

Nobody knows—as yet.

Hickman himself may tell the whole story before he dies, and if he does, hundreds of dope experts who have been watching this case with particular interest will say, "I told you so."

Dope is the greatest maker of crime in the world today—the greatest enemy of mankind the world has ever known—the most insidious, the cruelest, the most powerful evil the human race has had to fight. How are we of America today going to fight it?

By denying the truth? By laughing at the facts? By deliberately shutting our eyes to the ghastly, terrifying growth of this evil?

Are we going to let the United States of

America get into the clutches of the thing that almost choked the life out of the great Chinese nation?

The Japanese sell opium by millions of ounces every year, but they do not allow one grain of it to be sold in Japan, except under the most rigid regulations, and then only to highly accredited physicians. And the Japanese Government watches those physicians into the bargain.

Japan sells, not to the Japanese, but to China and—happy thought—to the United States.

America is full of thrifty, hard-working, successful Japanese, and among these American-Japanese are also some that traffic in opium and in morphin and in heroin and in cocain and in codein; but it has never yet been recorded, in all the thousands of records of these thousands of cases, that one single Japanese was himself an addict.

The Japanese sell dope—they do not use it.

England allows the manufacture and the sale of dope in her far-eastern possessions. The English Government, in fact, helps and encourages the raising of the poppy plant from which opium and morphin and heroin are made.

In India, there are two half-yearly auctions of narcotics—public auctions, with all the world there to bid.

England makes an enormous revenue growing the poppy in the Straits Settlement and in India. Many Englishmen are bitterly ashamed of that fact, but it is a fact nevertheless. Try to sell dope in England, to an Englishman, however, and you will get into serious trouble, and it will take a great deal more than influence and money to get you out of that trouble.

We Americans seem to be more lenient. . . . I wonder why?

Oh yes, we have laws! Many of them are good laws too. Somehow they are not always in force everywhere, and we may as well realize, to begin with, that the whole dope traffic here in the United States is carried on beside and behind and over the shoulder of the Law.

Ninety percent of the dope used in this country is the smuggled dope, and that isn't counting the eight grains apiece either—remember that.

How are we going to stop that smuggling?

How are we going to check the fearful rapidity of the growth of this incredible curse?

A narcotic addict is, first of all, an over and beyond and beside all, a slave. He has no religion, no home, no family, no country.

He bows to one master and to that master he prostrates his body, and his heart, and his soul, and everything that is or ever could be his.

When we made the draft at the beginning of our entrance into the World War, we discovered that we had a quarter of an available army rotten with dope. And since then the traffic has grown like an evil mushroom.

Over in Paris there are today, so the authorities say, 200,000 addicts, and for this the French writers openly blame the "American invasion."

Absinthe, cognac,—the French have always had these. Morphia and cocain, they have had too in certain comparatively small quantities; but codein, heroin, marihuana—these things they say the Americans have introduced. The French newspapers are printing articles concerning the spread of narcotic addiction among the French working classes.

And always they speak somewhere in their articles of the American influence in the situation—so much to be deplored.

How long are we going to let this noxious thing, which threatens our very civilization, go on?

What is it all about, anyhow?

Can't we take counsel together—we plain, simple, every-day Americans, who love our country and believe in it and are proud of it—can't we try humbly and patiently and earnestly to find some path out of this dim, mysterious, deadly swamp into which we seem to be stumbling with such dazed and half-benumbed faculties?

## 2

What is a "dope-fiend"? What is a "hop head"? What is a "narcotic addict"? What is an "opium slave"?

How do they differ, one from another?

They are one and the same thing, under different names. A narcotic addict is a poor, pitiful, suffering, aching, shivering, freezing, burning slave to the cruelest master the world has ever dreamed of permitting to exist.

And the name of this master is Dope.

There are five separate and distinct varieties

of dope—each one worse and harder to fight than the other.

Three of them are sisters in the same strange family—opium.

Opium itself is made from the opium poppy. This poppy grows in India and in Turkey and in the Straits Settlement.

An opium-poppy field in full bloom is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. It is like a lovely dream to see the poppies nodding in the spring winds.

The harvest from those fields—ah, that is a different affair!

Disgrace, humiliation, shame, hatred, robbery, murder, cruelty beyond belief, treachery beyond imagination—that's the crop that springs from the poppy fields.

Home, friends, family, the love of little children, the light-hearted laughter of youth, the simple faith of age—what do these things count when weighed in the balance with one ounce of the juice of those flowers that are so beautiful—and so deadly?

Opium—that's where it all began—the drugging of the human race.

It commenced in the Orient—the drugging

business. The Turks knew opium generations ago. So did the East Indians. And the Arabs used to give opium to their horses to make them brave when they went into battle.

The Chinese learned to know opium so well that a whole intelligent and noble nation had to rise and fight almost to the death—just to throw off the spell of poison that was fast making them a race of slaves.

Opium itself is now the least used of the deadly narcotics.

It takes time and space and money to smoke opium.

You have to have an elaborate layout, an opium pipe, an opium table, an opium lamp, and a place where you can smoke undisturbed. The smell of an opium pipe tells horrible stories to an inquisitive world, and you must know your underworld, and know it well, to find the right place to smoke. Then you must give time to it. Plenty of time.

Leisure, lassitude, a forgetting of the world and everything in it. All these things must be yours or you cannot be a devotee of the black smoke; and when you are a devotee, what do you get out of it?

A little forgetting—a little dulling of the sharp pain of living—that's all.

The ancient tales of dear delights and soft sensuous pleasures are all—tales—and no more.

Any opium smoker will tell you he began to smoke just for the experience, and what he is apt to call the "kick." Or to forget his dolors.

The "black smoke" does not give pleasure after the first few times of smoking. It simply stops unendurable pain—the pain the "black smoke" makes itself, as soon as you dare to try to stop smoking it.

But what of it? What do you care?

What are the foolish things worth that men strive for anyhow? Friends, a good appetite, good health, a good job, a good reputation, the respect of the community in which you live, money, travel, books, the theater, dancing, laughter, love—what are these but dreams and a part of dreams when once the black candle is lighted in your bedimmed brain?

Let fools talk of life and living. What you want is death—sweet dreamless death—and if you smoke often enough and long enough, you will have your wish—at the altar of the "black candle."

At first your friends will wonder. You have your little smoke just for fun. You'll try anything once, you say. And then the first thing you know, you'll find yourself back again in the "black smoke" country.

It is all so quaint—the dim lights, the quiet, the strange forgetting—and all at once you find you cannot live without the "black smoke."

Daylight is a torture. Artificial light is a misery. The friendly jokes of old friends jar upon you. What you want is the dark. What you want is quiet. The shuffling step of the one who cooks your opium pill. Yes, even the dirt and the rags of the dingy couch where he bids you lie.

The acrid smell of the cooking pill before you put it in your pipe—the sickish sweet of the "black smoke"—the lull—the forgetting.

And afterwards, the sick stomach, the bursting head, the frightful pains all over your body. You will never smoke again, never.

But on the second day you are back again in the dark and the dirt and the rags, with a black man on one side of you, stretched on the same couch, and a yellow man too, and perhaps a poor degraded creature that once had fair hair

and a sweet smile, and was the pride and hope of some simple home.

Degradation, filth, disgrace, shame—what are these things but words, once you have grown to know the fitful guttering of the black candle in your diseased brain?

Your work suffers. You are moody, gruff, distraught, half asleep, with a furtive glitter in your eyes. One by one your friends leave you. You lose your job. Well, what of it?

You only need a few dollars to light the black candle and keep it lighted.

Wife? She's gone—broken-hearted. Children—where are they? Who knows? Who cares? There's no love in the world of the black candle.

Ambition—a phrase for idiots to mumble. Pride—nothing but a joke. Flicker—flicker—it's all over for you, but the black candle. When your money is gone, and you can't beg any more, you steal; and then you rob; and then if you must, you murder; for the black candle must be kept burning at all odds.

Slaves—the poor fellows who rowed the galleys back in ancient days were free men compared to the slaves of the black candle.

Then—too much trouble—too many police—too many inquisitive noses. Gradually it is dying out—the black candle. There is another idol in its place.

Morphin—that's the slave-driver now.

Morphin and cocain and, worst of all, heroin, and next to that in hideous cruelty marihuana—the American hemp which drives to murder as no other drug can drive.

They go on raising the opium poppy in India and in various parts of the Orient; but now they refine the juice of it, and make it deadlier and surer and swifter and easier to get, and easier to use.

Where there were one hundred opium smokers, there are thousands of morphin slaves—hundreds of thousands of them all over the world. By far the most of them, right here in free America.

Ninety percent of the slaves of the needle, are under twenty years old.

And now three different large medical associations are discussing ways and means of treating infant addicts.

Oh yes, they are slaves to the needle when they are only a few days old! Born slaves,

with slave mothers and slave fathers. So many of them that their treatment is getting to be a recognized part of medical education.

The Story of the Living Dead—not a pleasant thing to hear. But isn't it just about time we learned the truth of it from beginning to end and made up our mind what to do about it—you and I?

## 3

Morphin, the second evil sister in the family of Dope, was discovered in 1806 by a man named Hamlin, who was a chemist in a little German village.

It was the first alkaloid in the pure state that was ever used.

It was hailed as a blessing to humanity, all through the civilized world. In hospitals, in sickrooms, nurses and doctors everywhere blessed the name of the little German chemist who had found a way out from torture for the sick and afflicted and the road into the land of gentle sleep.

About fifty years later, Alexander Wood, a Scotchman invented the hypodermic needle.

The civilized world chanted the praises of the new friend to mankind—morphin and the morphin needle. And Alexander Wood was acclaimed a gentle friend to those in suffering and pain.

It was some time before the ordinary non-professional man and woman began to understand the use of morphin. The morphin itself was kept locked away—the hypodermic needle was regarded somewhat as the clinical thermometer is regarded today by most people. And morphin did its kindly work in the sick-room without let or hindrance for years.

Then somebody who had been ill and suffering terrible pain came out of the hospital, craved for a moment the sweet ease of the drug, managed to get hold of some morphin and a needle; and the curse was started.

The good was turned into evil in the twinkling of an eye and now morphin counts its slaves by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

It is all so easy, so simple: no expensive lay-out, no telltale smoke, no noticeable period of disappearance and inaction.

A deck of the white power, a jab with the needle—and the thing is done.

A man can take morphia for years, and his best friend may never suspect him. He is perhaps strange, moody, not much appetite, a little sharp-tempered, not very ambitious maybe; but unless by some accident he is deprived of his drug, he can go on a long time without discovery.

One of the most brilliant lawyers of the United States was a morphín slave for years.

He never tried a case without a stab of the deadly stuff.

He had a magnificent physique and a splendid constitution, but they "broke" in time as they always do under morphin.

He died in a beach-comber's hut in the South Seas, ragged, dirty, half insane, and absolutely helpless from morphin.

One of the best-known woman doctors in Chicago died not so very long ago of an overdose of morphin. She had been a victim to it for five years.

She began to take it to help her through a flu epidemic, and she could not break the habit.

Another woman, who was president of one of the great woman's organizations in the Middle West, died of pneumonia as the result of

exposure due to morphin. She stayed out in a violent storm, wandering aimlessly about in the dead of the night, dazed with the morphin which she thought she knew how to use "in moderation."

A woman known all over America for the delicate fancies she put into her books died from morphin.

She had been taking it for years—heroin, too, and cocain, and nobody could imagine what made her so "queer" at times.

This woman did not look in the least like an addict. She was rosy and she weighed nearly two hundred pounds. The typical addict is yellow and very thin.

That woman was responsible for getting eight well-known, well-educated, well-bred women into the morphin habit.

She had a great many devoted friends, for she was a person of a sweet, attractive nature.

One day a friend went to see the woman writer.

"I'm so tired, I could drop," said the friend.

"Let me mix you a little something," said the writer, and she gave the friend a white powder to sniff.

Six months after that, the friend, a woman of standing and position, was arrested in a raid on a low dive in the negro district where the habitués went for "snow" parties.

This story has been repeated over and over again in all grades of society.

One of the most marked characteristics of a drug addict is the persistent determination to get everybody else into the habit.

Men teach their wives to use morphin. Women persuade their husbands to try it "just once."

Sisters entrap sisters. Brothers scheme to get younger brothers into the horrible trap.

Boys in school "take a shot" to get through examinations; girls in high school "take a shot" to help make the grade.

Women in department stores pull through a hard day with morphin.

Actresses take it for a first-night thrill. Singers get through a concert with it.

Waiters in "tough" restaurants are particularly addicted to morphin.

Cab drivers "take a shot" and drive you or me to the station in more of a hurry than we had planned.

Editors, doctors, dentists, teachers—no class is immune; and in the underworld morphin is as common as coffee.

You can carry enough morphin to "dope" an entire city in the pockets of an every-day suit of business clothes, and nobody will ever suspect it.

There is money in the traffic, millions in it. The poor slaves will pay anything for it. The big dealers make a hundred percent on every "deck of morphin" they sell. And they adulterate it at that.

A morphin slave must have his daily morphin. If he hasn't money enough to buy it, he will steal and he will murder for the money.

The dealer knows that, and he puts the price up just as often as he feels like it.

The morphin slave must pay the price, whatever it is, and keep on paying until he dies of it, in disgrace and poverty and despair.

A high price to pay for a "shot of morphin," isn't it? Morphin deadens pain, deadens the sense of responsibility. It turns an active, good-humored, kindly, ambitious, well-meaning man, or a gentle, cultivated, kind-hearted woman, into a strange creature without heart,

without sympathy, without any sense of responsibility of any kind whatsoever.

When a woman with children begins to take morphin, she first neglects the children. Then she neglects herself. She doesn't comb her hair. She forgets her daily bath. Her clothes get ragged and she doesn't even know it. She has no appetite. She does not laugh. She doesn't even smile. She is haggard, yellow-skinned, dull-eyed.

The man who takes morphin becomes, in due time, just a mere shell—a sort of walking corpse, without ambition, without hope, without remorse, without memory.

Morphin is a depressing, a soothing, quieting, pain-stopping drug.

Heroin is stronger. It acts more quickly and, strange to say, it is both depressing and stimulating. Cocain stimulates. . . .

Cocain, the third sister in the weird family of narcotics.

Who shall tell the story of cocain so as to make those who are not familiar with its mysterious and diabolical work understand even a small part of the hideous mischief it is doing here in the United States of America today?

## *II—The Evil Sisters*

"SNOW."

"Joy Powder."

"Happy Dust."

These are some of the names the underworld calls cocain, one of the most deadly drugs in existence.

The dope ring, the big distributors, and the dope pedlers sometimes call it the "Kid-Catcher."

They do that because cocain is the one drug that boys and girls pick up first, and it is astonishing and horrifying to discover how many boys and girls there are in this country today who are "snowbirds," as the police call them.

Do the police know cocain? Do the police know murder and robbery and kidnaping and all the kindred crimes? They have a name for these crimes in police circles.

"Coke stuff," that's what they call gun-plays, hold-ups, bold robbery, outrageous and maniacal murders.

All these things are tarred with the same unmistakable brush.

All these crimes or nearly all of them are committed by men who go for "sleigh-rides" as they call a cocain party in that strange, secret, whispering life we call the underworld.

Cocain is as much a part of underworld life as food and drink is a part of normal, healthy, human existence.

Cocain begins in the underworld and ends there—but it does not stay there all the time. There are cocain parties that are nowhere near the slums, and there are "snowbirds" who move in the very best society in every city in America.

Cocain and the automobile—these two factors have changed the whole police problem of America.

Ten years ago nobody had ever heard of an armored car in a peaceful commercial, downtown district—in a peaceful commercial city.

Now banks use them as a matter of course.

Are times harder? Do men need money more than they did years ago? Are the money guards and the police less efficient—not so quick, not so courageous as they used to be?

Is this the reason of the armored car? Ask the first police official you meet, and he'll laugh at you.

"Coke," he'll say. "Coke or heroin, or maybe marihuana, but it's mostly 'coke.' "

"Cocain commits over 60 percent of the crimes of violence in America today. The gang who are going to rob a bank or hold up a little storekeeper pep up on cocain to make the killing, and they make their getaway in a high-powered automobile.

"Coke and the motorcar—they're the first aids to crime in this country today."

Ask your own chief of police about it, he'll tell you.

Ask your chief in San Francisco. Ask your chief in Chicago. Ask your chief in New York. It's the same story. Cocain, dope, that's the answer. Or at least the most important part of the answer to the armored-car question.

Ten years ago burglars crept into a bank in the dead of night, drilled the safe and blew it up, or in some way worked the combination and got away with their theft—perhaps. . . .

Nine times out of ten they were caught before they were half through with the work,

Today, the thief does not wait for nightfall. He does not wait for any special hour, except the hour when he knows where the money is going to be.

When he knows that, he and his "gang" walk into the bank, hold up the cashier, take the money, step into a fast motorcar, and are gone —all in broad daylight with the street full of spectators.

What gives them the boldness for this sort of work?

Cocain or heroin. There's no secret about that.

What about the daylight hold-ups of small shops? What about the payroll robberies? What about the theater box-office raids? How many of this sort of thing have you had in your own town in the last year or two? Whoever heard of such things ten years ago?

Now the police blotters are crowded with records of them.

Gerhard Kuhne, chief of the bureau of criminal identification in the City of New York says:

"The atrocious manner in which the victims of hold-up men are abused and uselessly

maimed shows conclusively that the gunmen while committing these crimes are not rational.

"I doubt if they would have the courage to attempt such crimes if they were not full of drugs at the time.

"This is verified by the fact that in all crimes of violence of recent years, where the offenders are apprehended, they are found to be drug addicts, and admit that they were loaded with drugs when they committed the crime.

"The notorious Whittemore gang, who have all been recently convicted—one to be hanged, two more to serve forty years each—all use drugs.

"Drugs are the cause of from 50 to 75 percent of our crimes in New York City today, and throughout New York State."

It is the same story from east to west and from north to south.

Put an intelligent detective on the trail of a man who has just committed some peculiarly atrocious murder, or some amazingly bold robbery, and that detective will start his work by looking first of all for the man's "snowbird" friends and his "coke" trail.

Cocain turns a cowardly sneak-thief into a bold robber.

Cocain makes a mild man over into a wild man, and it speeds up the whole human system, till the ordinary world is nothing but a half-forgotten dream to a real cocain addict.

He lives from dose to dose. He begins with one "sniff" and goes on and on till he often takes a dozen doses of "cocain" in one night or one day, and when he does that he is gone.

His nose bridge begins to fall. His stomach muscles twitch. He cannot live for a half-hour in any kind of comfort with the drug out of his system.

If he tries it, he feels as if beetles were crawling under his skin. His legs and arms twitch. He jumps up and sits down, twists in his chair, yawns, makes faces, rubs his poor aching, throbbing flesh—gone poor creature, utterly gone.

Give him one "sniff" of cocain and watch him change.

The dull eyes brighten, the twitching mouth begins to smile, the tortured body relaxes, the pitiful broken wretch is gone, and there before you is a voluble, loud talking, loud laughing, boasting, bragging, self-confident creature, who will try anything, anywhere, any time, just to show what a big fellow he really is.

He'll go out and hold up a bank. He'll murder a harmless shopkeeper in his shop. He'll kill some helpless woman on the steps of her own house, within reach of a dozen people—until the cocain has died out. When that happens, he is a poor broken, useless wreck.

And that is cocain—the "kid-catcher"—for most cocain subjects are little more than children. The modern gunman is not a man at all. He is a mere youth—seventeen to twenty or at the most twenty-two—that's the gunman age today; and cocain is the one drug that "gets" the boys and girls.

No natural boy or normal girl wants to take a hypodermic of morphin. That craving comes usually only to those hardened in the ways of the world.

The "snowbirds" begin to be "snowbirds" at parties, at dances, in cabarets. A pretty girl taken in a raid in New York the other day said she first "sniffed" cocain when she was a bridesmaid at her best friend's wedding. She was seventeen years old. She was tired with a lot of parties and the excitement of the wedding. One of the other bridesmaids gave her a sniff of white "happy dust,"

She herself married a few weeks later—that was not quite two years ago. That seventeen-year-old girl's young husband is dead by his own hand, and she is an outcast today, all because of that one sniff of "happy dust."

Another girl in Cleveland, taken in a raid in the lowest kind of dive, took her first sniff of cocain when she was tired out nursing her mother through a long illness. A relative who came in to relieve her said, "You look fagged. Take a sniff of this." And from that hour, that poor girl was gone.

She finally gave up home and friends and decency and reputation—all because of a little sniff of a harmless-looking powder.

Three years ago I met the niece of a United States Senator in the furnace room in the basement of a big Chicago apartment-house. She and a girl from the glove counter at one of the big Chicago shops were sniffing "coke" with two waiters from a low south-side black-and-tan dive. The Senator's niece was twenty-three years old. She was handsome and she was a graduate of a famous eastern college for girls. She stood by the furnace in the furnace room, holding a paper of "happy dust" in her hand,

She put some of it on her thumb, sniffed it and began to laugh. "That's the stuff," she said. "I wouldn't give that 'happy dust' up for all there is in the world."

She's dead now. Died at the county hospital, all her beauty gone, every trace of refinement gone, all hope, all pride, all decency gone.

"Happy Dust" what a name for one of the most frightful drugs on earth!

"Happy Dust?" Misery powder, that's what they ought to call it.

## 2

Yesterday I sat in a New York prison and talked with four of the Living Dead.

All women, they were—all young, but one.

Two of them were college graduates and graduates each of a good college in good and regular standing too.

One of them had never gone beyond high school, and one had probably never been to much of any school at all, for she was brought up on a farm, far up in the snows of Canada, and she was the least hopeless of them all.

Heroin addicts, every one—cocain, too, and morphin and once in a while marihuana, that strange new drug from Texas and California.

Anything so long as it is a drug. That's the article in the strange twisted creed of these strange outcasts.

One of the women was about forty. A queer, broken creature, she was, as she sat there on the edge of the hard prison bench.

"I thought it was one of my sons," she said, "when they called me to come out of the cell. I guess they're never coming to see me, my sons or my husband.

"People forget you awfully quick when you get into this place.

"Oh yes, I have a home and it's a nice little home too. My husband is a good man. He knew I was an addict when he married me, but I promised him and my two little boys I would never touch dope again. And so he took us and took good care of us, and the boys like him just as if he were their own father. One of the boys is at Columbia College now. The other is studying music. He's quite a genius. Yes, they both know I'm an addict, but they thought I was off the stuff—and I was. Only the other

day I got to thinking, and it was sort of dark and lonesome, and a woman in the next flat kept playing one tune over and over on the victrola, and it was a tune I used to hear my mother sing when I was little and I don't know. . . . It all came over me again, and I thought I'll just take one more shot of heroin—and get the ache out of my bones, and I slipped over to a place not so very far away, and went up to the flat where I knew I would find what I wanted, and I bought only one little shot, and just as I was going to take it, the police came and arrested us all. I've been here for ten days now, and nobody has come for me. My husband told me if I ever took another shot he'd leave me—I guess he's kept his word."

"You can't blame him, can you?"

"No," she said, "I can't blame him."

And her eyes were dry and dazed, and I knew that she was entering again the drugged paradise of forgetfulness.

They give them two "shots" a day in the prison. They have to do this, or people so far advanced in addiction would die in terrible torture. And that—of course, would never do.

It would be bad for discipline in the prison, so they say.

This woman was a college graduate. She came from Seattle, and she was brought up in comfort almost luxury; but one day she had a bad attack of neuralgia and one of her college mates gave her a little white powder which stopped the pain, and the next day she took another little white powder, and by the time she graduated, she was a confirmed addict.

And she wore a white dress and carried a great bouquet of white roses. Oh, an armful of them! And all her friends came to see her graduate, and they said she looked so pretty and was so clever, and some of them envied her her chance in life; and all the time she was bound foot and wrist, soul and body to the most hideous slavery in the world.

And nobody even guessed it.

She told me all about it yesterday, while the drug was beginning to work. Maybe there wasn't a word of it true. They tell strange tales, these addicts—but somehow it sounded very possible. She spoke intelligent, educated English, and she had in her poor, broken way something of the manner and address of one born to position and protected comfort.

Sitting beside her, on the hard prison bench, was a tall, handsome girl, about twenty-five.

Blonde, blue-eyed, with regular features and the smile that would have made her fortune in any theater.

"Heroin is my dope," said the blonde girl. "I've been taking it for six years. I took it on a dare at a party. I play a piano in a cabaret now." She threw back her head and laughed bitterly with a gleam of perfect teeth. "If my mother had ever thought that's what I'd do with my music— Oh yes, I have to 'dope' to get through with my work. I never take too much of it. It doesn't hurt me any. I'm never ill. The dope keeps me from taking cold. I'm never nervous, or anything. I just take it to give me pep.

"It's all rubbish, arresting me like this. I'm not an addict. I just went up to the flat to get a little 'happy dust' for the night's show, and the police came and caught me. I'm all right. I don't need any help. It's too bad to stay away from my job so long, that's all. I'm a good piano player, too. More than good. And I can sing, if you want to know. And here I am locked up with a lot of vags—it's a shame, that's what it is, if you ask me.

"Yes, I'm a college girl. And that's all the

good it did me. Where are my college friends now? None of them asking the warden how I'm feeling this morning, not so you'd notice it. And I'm perfectly all right. Nothing wrong with me at all. What if I do take a little sniff of 'happy dust' once in a while? What if I take it every day—whose business is it?

"My mother? Oh, she thinks I'm dead. My father—he wishes I were dead. He told me so, the last time I saw him. I have a brother, a big lawyer out West; he doesn't know and doesn't care whether I'm dead or alive. And I don't care much either; so long as I have my little 'sniff of dust.' I'm all right. Look at me, do you see anything queer about me?"

And her hands were shaking like leaves in the winter's wind, and when she talked her throat contracted with a strange nervous convulsive movement, and her great blue eyes were as wild as the eyes of a hawk. No, there was nothing wrong with her. Nothing at all. Nothing but misery and degradation and disgrace, and at the bottom of her proud, broken heart, bitter shame and cruel desolation.

The third woman who sat on the edge of the hard prison bench came from Massachusetts.

She was young, too. Not much over twenty. Yet there was something about her that made you call her a woman and not a girl. Her black eyes were full of hate and bitterness.

"Yes, I'm an addict," she said. "Whose business is it, anyhow? My folks don't know where I am and don't care. I ran away from home when I was sixteen. I got 'hooked' by dope through a young fellow who came to our little town with a street show. He had a soft-drink counter, and I drank ice-cream soda there and got to talking with him. And one evening when he was off duty he took a walk and he gave me some 'happy dust'—just for fun. That began it. I've never lived without dope since. I wish I was dead. I hope he is dead—I suppose I'm only one of hundreds to him. I'd like to see him again—just once to tell him what I think of him—not that I suppose he cares."

What bitter laughs they have, these poor things who live from one dose of narcotics to another.

"I thought he was the most wonderful man in the world—what fools girls are! Who's that singing that song? Why don't they make those nuts keep still?"

From the crowded cells, where they keep the colored derelicts, came the croon of a song from the depths:

"Bring on your rubber-tired hearse,
Bring on your rubber-tired hack,
I'm takin' my man to the graveyard,
And I ain't gwine to bring him back."

The fourth woman who sat on the hard bench in the prison smiled a hard and crooked smile.

"Why don't you like that song?" she said. "I think it's swell. I know plenty I'd like to see riding to the graveyard, but the worst is no man. It's a woman—the woman that put me on the stuff. We were working in one of the big stores together, and I had a headache and she said she'd cure it. . . . She cured it all right.

"And here I am in prison. Me, that was brought up good and regular on a farm in Canada. We had family prayers every Sunday morning at our house, and my brothers and sisters and I used to gather around Sunday nights and sing hymns. You know, 'The Sweet Bye-and-Bye' and 'O Beulah Land.'

"Well, I got to Beulah Land all right, and it isn't what I thought it was going to be.

"Cured? Yes, I've been cured twice. Took the cure on purpose so as to get the new 'kick' all over again. Me, for the stuff again the minute I get out. I'm just the same as all the rest, only I don't lie about it."

And all the time from the crowded cell down the dark corridor came the muffled, crooning lilt of strange song that is the very voice of the half-blind, half-dumb creatures that are struggling up out of something like the primeval mire itself.

"This story ain't no moral;
This story ain't no end;
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in men."

"Hah!" said the girl who was born and brought up in the clean cold of clean cold Canada. She and her vigorous, wholesome brothers and sisters, and their normal, healthy father and mother—she who had come so far—so very far to find herself caught at last in the eddying

slum of a dark prison, "Hah!" said she. "No, nor no good in women either. Believe me—I know!"

From Massachusetts, from Seattle, from Michigan, from Canada, from good honest wholesome homes—four lost broken-hearted, beaten women.

Three of them, pitifully young.

How strangely met—in what a strange and terrible place!

And each one of them, once made some young mother laugh with pride, to see her take her first courageous baby steps.

Your girl and mine—how safe are they from this creeping horror of drug addiction? What are we doing, you and I, to protect them?

Do you suppose that any one of the mothers of any one of these poor broken creatures ever saw, even in her blackest dreams, the black shadow of a prison?

Heroin — cocain — morphin — marihuana —opium—what does it matter which it is? One horror is no worse than the other.

How can we be sure that our own young people are in no danger from these deadly perils?

3

Marihuana—that's the Spanish or Mexican name of the new drug that is a brand-new threat to the youth of our country.

Some call it American hemp.

In India, they make a powerful drug out of the hemp that grows there. This drug is called hasheesh, and in India they eat it and they smoke it and they inhale it.

And the man under the influence of hasheesh catches up his knife and runs through the streets hacking and killing everyone he meets. No, he has no special grievance against mankind. When he is himself, he is probably a good-humored, harmless, well-meaning creature; but hasheesh is the murder drug, and it is the hasheesh which makes him pick up his knife and start out to kill.

Marihuana is American hasheesh.

It is made from a little weed that grows in Texas, Arizona, and Southern California.

You can grow enough marihuana in a window-box to drive the whole population of the United States stark, staring, raving mad.

They make marihuana cigarettes now and smoke them at smart parties—for the "kick."

They put it up like chewing-tobacco, and people chew it to get the effect.

They dry it and make a powder of it, and they steep the dried leaves and make it into tea —you pay your money and you take your choice; but when you have once chosen marihuana, you have selected murder and torture and hideous cruelty to be your bosom friends.

Most of the strange crimes of the Southern Pacific coast come, so the police officials say out there, from marihuana.

Children use it; and down in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles it is not difficult to get as much of it as you want, for not very much money. That's where it differs from most of the narcotic drugs.

A confirmed addict will spend $10 or $20 a day for enough heroin to keep from going crazy. Morphin costs money, too. And so does cocain. The pedlers make a hundred times as much on it as they pay for it. And at that, they mix it with powdered alum and give the poor addict only half of what he pays for.

It comes into the country, this dope, in all

sorts of curious ways. Not long ago, some Chinamen bringing ashore a consignment of furniture stumbled on the gangplank of a big ocean-liner. One of the chairs they were carrying fell, and the leg broke off—the secret was out. The legs were hollow, and they were stuffed with morphin.

They grow rather nice oranges in Mexico, they say. Some of them have a peculiar flavor. They are stuffed with cocain.

Cocain is made from the leaves of the coca shrub, which grows in South America.

It has been known there for generations. The runners who carry huge loads on their backs over the mountains chew coca-leaves to give them strength to make the journeys.

It is only of late years that the coca-leaf has been turned into a drug for general consumption. When we first learned about it, we thought it was a great boon to humanity—and it was, when it was correctly used.

But now there is no real necessity for it at all. Drugs that are not habit-forming have taken its place, and there is no reason in the world in any civilization for the manufacture or the buying and selling of cocain.

The same thing is true of heroin.

When heroin was first discovered, some fifteen years ago, it came into America like a blessing from the skies.

It had all the soothing properties of morphin, said the doctors who used it, and none of the bad effects at all.

It didn't take long to discover the mistake.

Heroin is three times as strong as morphin and six times as dangerous. A heroin addict is the worse addict of all. Harder to cure, and more sunk in hideous degradation than any other addict in the world.

Is there a cure for narcotic addiction?

No one has found one yet. Every once in a while some person of strong will and determined character makes a desperate effort and shakes off the slavery of narcotics.

One of the most brilliant and fascinating actresses on the English and American stage is an example of this sort of thing. She had the world at her feet—youth, beauty, genius, fame, money—all knocked at her door. And she laughed and bade them enter. She was the envy and the admiration of the whole profession, and then all at once something went

wrong. Her voice began to fail her; something seemed to be the matter with her dancing. The gay vitality that had enchanted crowds—began to fade. Nobody knew what had happened.

Was she ill? Was she heart-sick over some personal disappointment? Had they all become as dust and ashes to the mouth—the success and the fame and the adulation and the flattery?

She lost her following—she lost her prestige.

She was out of work. She was looking for an engagement. She, who had laughed in the faces of the most powerful managers!

She was poor. She was destitute.

They picked her up on the streets of London, ragged and dirty and forlorn, and when she told who she was, nobody would believe it.

They took her to a hospital, and finally someone who knew her when she was a great star went to see her. And she cried and said she was sorry and she wanted to get well again, and if someone would only give her a chance she would break the habit of narcotics which had broken her.

And someone did give her a chance, and she took it.

She rose and fell again. She went down and out three or four times, almost she gave up the fight. But something in her soul held her to the struggle—and finally she won.

She made a tour of this country not six months ago, and was as beautiful and as successful as she ever was in all her life.

She was "cured" of drug addiction.

It is just as well to be honest and face the truth in the matter. This woman is about the only one known to the public who ever "came back."

And there are hundreds who have tried hard and who couldn't "make the grade."

In the vaudeville theaters, in the moving-picture companies, in the legitimate theater—you will find the pale victims of narcotic addiction. They will not be there long—morphin is a jealous god and will permit no divided allegiance.

If you want the Black Candle to sputter in your brain you must put out all other lights.

There is a great lawyer in this country today, he was an addict for years and he has broken himself of the habit.

Two well-known doctors, one in the East and

one in the West, have both cured themselves of narcotic addiction.

But these are only shining examples—the rest of the poor victims, struggle as they may, are almost sure to sink back into the dismal swamp of narcotics, no matter how hard they struggle to get out. Every now and then somebody announces a new "cure." So far, none of these "cures" have proved really satisfactory. Some day, someone will find a "cure" for drug addictions; for after drug addiction has reached a certain stage, it is not a habit but a disease.

A wasting, loathsome, hideous, cruel disease.

And the sooner people learn to realize that fact, and look it in the face and treat the narcotic addict as a sick man, the better for the addict and for everybody else concerned.

One thing is certain: addicts should be isolated, for they are worse than lepers. One addict is good for six more—don't forget for one minute that that is the slogan of the drug ring.

What is the remedy for this terrible menace?

How shall we keep narcotic addiction out of the country?

They stamped out yellow fever in Cuba and

in the Panama region. Smallpox is fast disappearing. They've learned how to control diphtheria, and in these later days they have even discovered a remedy for leprosy.

These things were not done by ignorance or by indifference.

They were done by concerted, intelligent, indefatigable hard work.

Tuberculosis, cancer, diphtheria, yellow fever —they are all being conquered by science.

When are we going to set to work scientifically, patiently, honestly, and in deadly earnest to find first a prevention for narcotic addiction, and second a cure?

## *III—The Drug-Addict Farm Plan*

IS the man who poured gasoline over a woman, set her afire, and let her burn to death —a drug addict?

The police declare that he is.

And what is much more important, every police authority in this part of the country declares that this hideous murder is a typical drug-addict crime.

What are we going to do about this terrible flood of narcotics which is fairly inundating the country?

Every criminal authority in the United States will tell you that 60 percent of the prisoners in the State as well as in the Federal prisons are addicts.

Some take heroin, some take morphin, some take cocain, some take marihuana—but they're all slaves to some one of these terrible drugs.

The warden of the Federal Prison at Leavenworth reports that in 1921, 15½ percent of his prisoners were addicts.

In 1922, 24 percent were addicts.

Today, 60 percent of the prisoners in that particular institution are addicts.

The warden of the Federal Prison at Atlanta reports that in 1918, 11 percent were addicts.

In 1919, 6 percent were addicts.

In 1920, 8 percent were addicts.

In 1922, 20 percent were addicts, and today the number of addicts in that prison has doubled.

If these figures don't mean something—what in the name of common sense does anything mean?

When are we going to make up our minds what to do about this terrifying situation?

What are we going to do first of all with the criminal addict? the robber, the burglar, the criminal-assault man?

What are we going to do with the harmless victims of one of the most terrible diseases in the world?

What are we going to do with the drug pedlers?

Are we going to arrest them? Give some cheap lawyer a chance to make a few easy dollars from them? Throw them into jail "to

suffer it out"? Let them out again in time to give the police and the Federal agents and the State agents and the lawyers another chance to earn a little easy money? Throw them into prison again? Let them "suffer it out" again? Turn them loose again to go through the whole miserable, cruel, useless, foolish farce—again?

What's the use? Where are we getting when we stumble along that stupid road that leads nowhere?

What about the smuggler?

What are we going to do with him? Shut him up a little while and let him out again, and shut him up again and let him out again, and never by any chance give him a heavy enough fine to drive him out of the business of smuggling?

What about the great ships that smuggle hundreds of pounds of drugs into America?

Every once in a while the authorities find a cache of morphin or heroin or opium or cocain hidden in the ceiling of a stateroom, or floating in a rubber bag in the water barrel, or thrown overboard in a rubber bag for the small boats who know where to look to pick it up.

What happens to a ship like that?

A few coolies are arrested. A few deck-hands get into trouble . . . and the ship sails as usual, despite the law which says that any ship bringing large quantities of narcotics into America shall not be permitted to leave the port again.

What about the border watch on smuggling? Do we keep enough men on the border to know what they're doing?

In the last two or three years we have regulated the American factories, and the American factories are keeping strictly within the law, as far as is known at present.

They manufacture just exactly the legal quota of narcotics—and the drugs they manufacture go straight to the doctors and to the reputable drug stores and to the hospitals; so we all hope and believe.

All the drugs that are used illegitimately in this country now are smuggled in, either from Canada or from Mexico or from Europe or from South America.

How about the countries that make a large income by the culture of opium? How about the coca-shrub from which cocain is made?

How shall we get at these things?

Some people believe that the only way to control the fearful growth of the narcotic evil is to tear up the plant at the very root, stop the raising of the opium poppy and the coca-shrub, except in carefully supervised quantities. How are we going to do these things?

By international law? By international agreement?

Mr. Kaku, chairman of the Japanese Delegation at the Geneva Conference is particularly well informed concerning all phases of the drug problem.

He said at the Second Conference at Geneva:

"In a country where the narcotic drug problem is acute, measures may be adopted; first, by means of strict control and education to prevent people from falling into the evil habit; and secondly, to treat adequately those who have already become victims of the drug.

"So long as the narcotic drug addicts are left free to indulge their propensities, the demand for narcotic drugs will somehow be satisfied.

"Unless rational measures are adapted to check that demand, sooner or later there will be an abundance of contraband supplies.

"Moreover, it is essential in the name of

humanity to adopt rational measures for dealing with victims of the drugs, who otherwise sooner or later will find their satisfaction in drugs innocently obtained."

Why isn't this man's program a good program?

What about education? Could we educate this thing out of existence if our children were all taught in the public school what drug addiction means? What effect would that have on the whole outrageous situation?

Nobody knows any more about drugs and drug addiction than the poor addicts themselves—yet they are still addicts.

How are we going to protect our children against this cruel danger that beckons to them from the alley and from the narrow streets and from the dance halls and from the country clubs in good and regular standing, and from the gay cafés?

How do we know who will be the next victim?

What are we going to do about dope and when are we going to do it?

2

What about Federal farms for addicts?

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to take the addicts out of the Federal prisons and put them all on an Addict Farm? Keep them where they couldn't infect other people with the terrible disease of addiction, and see if there is any possible way of curing those already addicted?

Congressman Porter of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill into Congress providing for two such Federal farms for addicts.

The Federal prisons are terribly overcrowded. Atlanta is packed to suffocation, and so is Leavenworth, and six prisoners out of every ten in these two institutions are addicts.

Two new prisons will have to be built anyway. Why not make them Addict Farms, and get the addicts out of the regular Federal prisons?

Why not let the different states send their addict prisoners to these prison farms—and each state pay exactly what the cost of that prisoner would be in the State institution?

Why not get the addicts off the streets and

out of the prisons and out of the county jails and out of the city jails—and out of the county hospitals—into the Federal Farm for Addicts?

This plan of Representative Porter would take the addict out of the community and put him where he cannot spread his dreadful disease.

It would give helpless, well-meaning addicts a chance to be sent somewhere for a cure.

It would bring hope to the hopeless, and it would remove a terrible peril from our communities.

A dope addict is a disease-carrier—and the disease he carries is worse than smallpox, and more terrible than leprosy.

Why not isolate him, as you would a leper?

Why not put the poor creature somewhere where he can be taken care of and looked after?

They arrested a man in Toledo two weeks ago, a harmless, kindly man, middle-aged, well educated, fairly well dressed—a narcotic addict.

They caught him buying his dope from a dope pedler.

The addict was not a criminal. He was a sick man, a very sick man—and what did they do with him?

They threw him into jail, into a dark cell, with a stone floor and no windows, and when they went to take him his supper at night, they found him hanging from the door.

He had taken his belt and committed suicide.

These things are happening all over the country—all the time.

Men, yes, and women too, whose only crime is that they are the victims of a horrible disease — are locked up in jails with thieves and murderers, and the percentage of suicide among them is no less than horrifying.

The criminal addict is a different matter—but why let him out of prison to go and make more addicts?

Why not keep him locked up where he has a chance to get the poison out of his system and come back to normal, and keep him there until he is normal?

Why will this not cut down the demand for narcotics?

Destroy the market, and you destroy the supply. Why shouldn't that statement hold good in this particular market, as well as in any other?

What a wonderful thing it would be if we could wake up some morning and know that all the dope pedlers and all the addicts who were caught anywhere, anyhow, any time, were going to be put where they could get humane and kindly treatment and where they could not infect other people with their horrifying disease?

The criminal dope addict is many times the carrier of more than dope addiction.

A typical addict, who is far advanced in his addiction, becomes careless, unclean, unhygienic in every way.

He carries the flu, and he carries diphtheria and he carries typhoid. Why not cut off that source of infection and keep it out?

The Porter bill for two Federal narcotic farms—why shouldn't every man, woman and child in the United States of America, get behind that bill and help to put it through Congress?

Why wouldn't that be a step and a great step forward in what must necessarily soon be an organized, practical, common-sense, humane and civilized fight to drive the narcotic menace out of this country—and keep it out?

## 3

Up in Seattle, they have been investigating a reiterated story that the prisoners at McNeal's Island get dope right in prison, and that the trustees sell it to them.

Men go into prison without the habit, says common report, and come out addicts of the worst sort.

There's nothing new in that statement. Every student of criminology in America will tell you the same thing.

Everyone who knows anything at all about the narcotic evil, knows that narcotics have a strange, mysterious way of getting into prison.

Sometimes they come in through the mails. An addict soaks a paper in a strong solution of morphin, dries the paper, writes a letter on it, and when the prisoner gets that letter, he soaks it again—and gets his morphin.

Maybe he uses it all himself. Maybe he sells some of it to his cell mate. . . . Anyhow, he gets it.

Some prisoners soak their clothing in a strong solution of morphin; take the clothing into the

prison dry, soak it again, and get the dope that way.

Sometimes it comes in a basket of fruit. Bananas are good dope carriers, and so are apples. Nuts are opened, filled with dope, pasted together again, and sent into prison, grapes shot full of morphine or heroin or cocain.

Sometimes narcotics are sent in by way of cake and pie, and even in one recent instance in a loaf of real home-made bread.

Sometimes the trusties get the dope and peddle it to the prisoners.

It has always been whispered that you could get dope in the Atlanta Federal Prison a good deal easier than you could get it on the outside.

Leavenworth—Alcatraz Island—any experienced addict will smile if you pretend to believe that either of these prisons is free from dope and the dope pedler.

Take these addicts out of the Federal prisons and you'll have room for the convicts who are not addicts, and an Addict Farm won't cost as much as a Federal prison at that.

Dope makes criminals. Why not let this new Addict Farm idea take care of the convicts that dope makes?

Why not begin to reduce the market for dope? If the market is bad, the production will drop.

How are you going to get the dope pedlers off the street, if you have no real place to put them—and keep them?

Why not send the dope pedler to an Addict Farm? Get him off the streets and keep him off. Remove him as a source of contagion, once for all.

A dope addict cannot be properly taken care of in a jail or any ordinary prison.

There is no room for him and there is no time for him in any such place.

A narcotic slave who is trying to get away from dope needs skilful care and constant attention. He suffers the most hideous torture, and the ordinary prison doctor has neither the time nor the special skill to treat him as he should be treated.

These people need humane and intelligent care. Where can they get it, except in an institution especially designed for them?

They know what the drug danger is up in Canada and they are beginning to treat it in just exactly this sensible, practical way.

Here's what the Canadian Department of Health thinks about the whole terrible menace of narcotic addiction.

Way back in 1924 the Department of Health wrote this letter to the various provincial governments.

"It is a fact that the use of opium and other habit-forming drugs, more particularly heroin, morphin and cocain, appears to be on the increase.

"There is hardly a town or village of any size in Canada which has not within its midst a number of drug habitués.

"In years gone by, it was the general impression that the drug traffic and drug addicts were confined particularly to the larger centers.

"The great need at the present time is provision for institutional treatment of these addicts.

"Drug addicts breed drug addicts.

"The more you have in any community, unless some effort is made to apprehend the victims and force them to take a cure (at present either in the jails or asylums), the more you will have.

"The courts in many places are fairly clogged

with drug cases, and the magistrates are at a loss to know how best to deal with them.

"Jails and asylums are not proper places to treat these people and unless, and until such time as, the provinces and municipalities provide institutional treatment for these poor unfortunates, the drug problem will grow more acute and the narcotic habit will increase."

Straight talk—straight from the shoulder.

Are we going to let Canada get ahead of us in the practical meeting of a practical emergency of such tremendous importance?

Or shall we study this question earnestly, intelligently, with an open mind—and start to do something practical for our own people in our own country just as soon as we possibly can?

## *IV—Shall the Losing Fight Go On?*

POOR Billy—he's "back on the stuff" again.

It used to be cocain, with once in a while a jab of morphin.

Now it's heroin—and heroin is the worst of all.

The last time I saw Billy, he was a rosy, laughing, proud, happy boy.

He'd had a dreadful fight—but he had won, and the whole world was brand-new to him.

He walked as if he were humming a gay tune in his heart, and between you and me, I believe that he was—poor boy.

Who's Billy? Oh, he's just a boy . . . about twenty-two, I should think he was. When I first knew him he was nineteen or a little less—freshman year over—just ready to go back and be a sophomore.

Clever, good-looking, good-natured, well-bred—he has an uncle who is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

His father is dead. His mother—she was a beautiful girl once and a belle too, they say, highly educated, with everything in the world to live for.

Now she's just a mother—a broken-hearted, broken-spirited, discouraged, defeated—mother.

It's all about Billy.

He was the pride of her heart—the hope of her life; but one day he went skating and had a bad fall and hurt his spine in some queer unheard-of way. He was in the hospital for months, and somebody gave him some morphin.

At first it was the doctor—then it was the nurse—and after that, someone who came to see him.

And Billy came out of the hospital an addict.

His mother couldn't think what was the matter with him—he was so changed.

Sullen, morose, nervous, ill-tempered, quarrelsome, pale, haggard—what had become of good-natured, care-free, affectionate Billy?

And then one day Billy's mother discovered the truth.

She didn't feel so very badly about it at first. She was relieved to know that it was "nothing but a habit."

"Don't you worry, Billy," she said. "You've been trying to fight it alone. We will fight it together now—you and I."

And Billy's mother and Billy went to live on an island in Puget Sound—they built a little shelter of rough boards—they kept a little sail-boat for emergencies—they brought their provisions from the mainland; and Billy fished and hunted and they camped out on the beach.

Billy suffered tortures at first, but gradually the pain and the lassitude and the despair left him; and one morning Billy's mother woke up to see Billy as he used to be—a laughing, curly-headed, rosy boy—the kind you can't pass without wanting to rumple up his curly hair—no, not to save your life.

Billy was cured—but to be quite sure they stayed a month longer—four months in all, alone together on the island, in rain and shine, dark nights and moonlit. In the long, deep talks they had by the camp-fire—how far away it all seemed—the misery and the degradation that was gone!

"All gone, Billy," said Billy's mother. "All passed and gone. We will never think of it again, you and I."

And Billy went back to college—and he went right up to the head of his class, and Billy's mother's heart sang so she could hardly live for the joy of it.

And then one day, Billy came home—and something was wrong. He was furtive and silent and pale—the worst was true. He had gone back "on the dope" again.

One of the old dope pedlers had hunted him out in college, and come to him again and again; and Billy went back "over the route," and this time he didn't go alone—he took his roommate with him.

Yesterday, I saw Billy down near the docks in New York.

Ragged, dirty—begging for a dime or a nickel or even a penny.

I don't think I should have known him, but he knew me, and something in his eyes called to me. Poor Billy—I'm afraid he'll never get "off the stuff" again.

There's no place for him to go. His mother is broken in health, and she could not undertake the ardors of another long siege on the island, alone with a half-crazed boy.

Yes, I'm afraid poor Billy is gone.

Some night, perhaps, he'll slip off the dock

into the clear, clean cold water—poor boy! And he could have made so much of his life.

And just to think that there is no legitimate use in the world for heroin—the drug that has mastered him now.

Nobody has any right to make heroin in the first place—but they go on making it just the same.

We do not make it in this country any more—we stopped that criminal folly two or three years ago—but it is smuggled in, and it isn't at all hard to get if you know the ropes.

Billy is just one boy—there are thousands—yes hundreds of thousands like him in the United States of America this very day.

What are we going to do about it?

Down in Brazil they know what to do.

This is what Mr. Pernambuco of Brazil said at the great Opium Conference in Geneva:

"The government quickly realized that addicts were the chief propagators of the vice, more especially in the countries where the supervision of drug stores and pharmacists by government medical officers makes it almost impossible to buy dangerous drugs without a medical prescription.

"In these countries addicts can obtain the

poison that is slowly killing them only from persons engaged in illicit sale, and as they alone know where the drugs can be found, they are the first to pass them on to new victims.

"It is for this reason that our government has made the treatment of addicts compulsory. They can obtain treatment in one of two ways:

"They can apply to a magistrate to be sent to a special establishment; or if they are arrested by the police or reported to the authorities, they are compulsorily detained in sanitoria under government supervision until they are permanently cured."

Not so far behind the times down in Brazil, are they? How soon are we going to follow the good, practical, sane example set by Brazil?

The bill calling for Federal Farms for Addicts which Stephen Porter of Pennsylvania has introduced is a practical bill. It's sensible. It's sane, and it is civilized.

What are you doing to help make that bill into a law? So that you will have the comfort of knowing that you yourself, on your own initiative, have done something to help drive this horror of dope out of the United States —and keep it out.

## 2

Dopey Dan is in jail.

They caught him the other night, selling dope down on the docks.

Strange fellow—Dopey Dan.

As white as a bleaching bone—thin as a man can be and still not be a skeleton—furtive, nervous, shivering—it is terrible to look at Dopey Dan.

It wouldn't be so bad if you'd never known him when he was different.

Eight years ago he was a handsome young fellow — up and coming — gay and good-humored.

He came back from France with his regiment —but he couldn't march up Broadway with them.

They carried him ashore on a stretcher.

Gassed, shell-shocked, one arm gone—but still gay and still ready to laugh.

He had a lot of friends and he didn't have to wait long to get a job. The minute he was able to be up and out, he went to work, but there was something wrong—he had a terrible pain

in the chest, like a knife in his lungs; and one day he met a buddy in a cheap restaurant and the buddy had a pain in his lungs too, but he knew a little white powder that would help you through the day, he said. And he gave one of the powders to Dan.

And Dan met him the next day and got another. And the next day, and took another. And after that, Dan bought his own white powder. It eased his pain, and made him feel as if he had as good a chance in life as any other man.

In six months Dan lost his job.

In a year, he was a hopeless wreck . . . drifting up and down the unfriendly town. The only thing he wanted was the white powder. As long as he had that he didn't care whether he had friends or food or any place to sleep or not.

And now, he's a pedler—selling the dope to other fellows, who need it just as he needed it.

He won't tell you his real name—he won't tell you where he used to live. But even his companionship with the scum of the earth cannot change the way he talks, and by that you can tell that he's been to college somewhere;

and at some time he had a mother and sisters who loved him and were proud of him.

When he was arrested the day before yesterday, he cried in court, and begged the judge to send him away somewhere for a long time so he could "break the habit."

The judge was very severe with Dopey Dan.

"You know what this dope has done to you," said the judge, "and yet here you are out selling it to other people just to get money enough to buy your own share."

Dopey Dan twisted his ragged old cap in his hands. "I know," he said. "I know." And he trembled, like a little boy who is ill and frightened and alone, and doesn't know what to do about it. Strange fellows, these dope pedlers.

There's an old Chinese down Salinas way in California. He has a laundry close by the highway, and on Sundays and Saturday nights it is odd to see the cars stopping at the broken-down old laundry. Little flivvers, big limousines—and one day I saw there a farm truck with three ruddy farm boys in it.

They won't be ruddy long—not if they go to old Sam's place very often—for Sam is a dope pedler, too.

He's taught dozens of country boys to "snuff snow" and to take morphin.

Old Sam's customers don't bother much with hypodermic syringes—they just take a safety-pin, and that's that.

Some of them are covered almost from head to heels with festering wounds—that's what the safety-pin has done.

There's a smart young Japanese down Boston way. He's a dope pedler too. Does a big business in the smart set, they say. Drives a big car, dresses in the very newest thing from Bond Street.

Sells to his own countrymen? Never think it—not for one moment! The Japanese are a very clever people—they sell dope. They do not use it, themselves.

This particular dope pedler knows the smart clubs in the college towns. If you follow him up and down the highway, you will see quite a few good-looking young chaps who drive down the road to meet him.

There are women dope pedlers too. Some of them are old and haggard and broken. And some are young and pretty and well-dressed.

They won't be pretty and well-dressed very

long, because the women who sell dope are nearly always addicts themselves.

There's a pretty cabaret singer in New York who has a lot of regular customers.

Her looks are beginning to fade, and the manager of the cabaret spoke to her the other night and asked her what was the matter with her voice. It gave her quite a start, and she made up her mind she'd have to "get off the stuff" at once—but somehow she didn't. She's going to begin tomorrow, she says . . . she's going to forget she ever saw dope or heard of it. She's going to forget the cabaret too, and go back home to the little town where her mother lives, and begin all over again—tomorrow.

She's been saying that for about six weeks.

There's a church-choir singer in a Chicago suburban neighborhood. She sells dope too—has quite a little clientele of her own, and goes in and out on the suburban train with a little shopping-bag. Why shouldn't she meet a friend or so on the train? and who notices what she takes out of the bag? And who cares what she does with her own dope?

She's a married woman too. Her husband is away from home a good deal and hasn't the

faintest idea that she is an addict and a pedler.

There's a colored man in a road-house near Detroit; they've known about him for a long time—the authorities—but somehow they never can catch him. He sells to his own people and to the white people too.

There's a good-looking young fellow at an oil station in Southern California—right on the outskirts of Los Angeles. He's a "snowbird." Go to that station any time after eleven at night and you'll see him and a lot of other "snowbirds" taking a "sleigh ride"—together.

Young — gay — foolish — poor boys! They are riding to degradation and shame—and death!—together.

They know it well enough—but they don't care. "Snowbirds" don't care for anything—but "snow."

No matter how ambitious or how hard-working or how honest they are when they begin, when they once get "on the snow" they're just "snowbirds"—and that's all!

And when they can't get money enough to get plenty of "snow," they go out and rob someone, and they won't stop at murder either.

What's the life of a man or a woman or a

child to stand between a "snowbird" and his "snow"?

Don't make any mistake about it—there's a dope pedler in your neighborhood, some kind of dope pedler—a man or a woman—a Mexican, a Japanese, a Chinese, a negro, or a white man. What's the difference as long as they have plenty of "happy dust" and plenty of "sleepy dust."

3

"The greatest danger in opium is not for the Oriental.

"It is for the white race.

"If the white race does not wish to be completely demoralized, we must stamp out this evil. The Japanese are the only Orientals who are not dominated by the West.

"That is because they do not use opium.

"If the white people do not want to degenerate, they must suppress drugs."

That is what Sugimura, Japanese delegate to the Geneva Conference thinks about the American dope situation.

What are we doing here in America to stamp out this terrifying menace?

We have in the last few years passed some very good laws—laws regulating the manufacture of dope.

We have stringent laws against smuggling and against selling—those laws are not always enforced—but we have them.

The whole purpose of these particular laws is to prevent the illicit use of narcotic drugs.

They contain no provision for those unfortunates who, through their own weaknesses or otherwise, are victims of drug addiction.

We have not done a thing to keep the vice of addiction from spreading, and addiction to narcotics is, as has already been said, as contagious as leprosy. And more contagious than half a dozen other diseases that we guard almost with our very lives.

One addict in a community is a menace to the peace and comfort and happiness of the whole community.

What's the use of sending a boy to prison for using drugs and then letting him out again with his drug appetite stronger than ever? Out to teach the vice to a dozen other boys of his own age!

What sort of economy is that?

The police declare that 60 percent of the crimes committed in this country today are committed by drug addicts.

Sometimes the addicts rob and steal and murder on their own initiative. They want money for their dope and they'll do anything in the world to get it.

Sometimes the clever criminals who do not use dope choose addicts for their tools, because they know how to handle a man whose mind and will and sense of moral responsibility have been rotted away by the use of dope.

It is important to take care of drug addicts for two reasons:

In the first place, many of these addicts fell into the habit through illness and pain and hideous suffering.

They did what you or I or any other human being would do to get rid of torturing pain.

And when they did that—they made themselves slaves to dope.

Is it humane? Is it decent? Is it civilized to treat these unfortunates as insane people were treated a hundred years ago?

Is it right to lock them up like wild beasts,

and let them die in agony alone and friendless and forgotten?

Can we call ourselves a civilized nation and let things like that go on, as they are going on all over this country today?

And in the second place, how about stamping out the drug traffic as long as you have thousands of addicts seeking eagerly for a chance to buy or steal—dope—somehow, somewhere, anyhow?

Take the addicts out of the street. Take the pedlers out of active life—and you strike at the root of the traffic.

No addicts—no trade.

We've stopped our own legitimate factories, but we cannot stop the factories of other countries.

They go right on making dope and selling it to legitimate merchants, who let it dribble out by way of the smugglers.

The dope ring is rich and very powerful.

It has its agents in South America, and in Canada, and in Holland, and in England, and in China, and in Japan, and in every part of the United States of America.

Rich men—powerful men—men who know the traffic from start to finish and who will

fight to the last ditch to keep that traffic from being destroyed.

Some day the conscience of the world will stir and waken, and then we shall have some sort of international understanding that will regulate the traffic in drugs.

Until that time comes the best thing we can do is to destroy the market in this country, and the only way we can do that is to isolate the addicts.

It sounds like a tremendous job, doesn't it? But, Representative Porter's plan seems to be practical, humane, and sane.

If those Addict Farms are established, each State in the Union can send its own addicts to a farm, and pay only the amount that it would take to support them in prisons or jails or State hospitals.

Since the government has already decided to build two new Federal prisons, and the money is already appropriated for the purpose, why not make these prisons into Addict Farms? This will take care of the surplus prisoners, and in addition handle the addict situation as it has never been handled in this country before.

They're doing that in Brazil. And they're beginning to do it in Canada. Are we going to

be behind Brazil and Canada in our treatment of a tremendous national problem?

Fifty thousand California clubwomen have taken the matter up.

In Chicago the women's clubs are afire with the idea.

And in Boston dozens of different organizations have rallied to the cause with the greatest enthusiasm.

That's practical work—that's the kind of thing that counts.

Are you going to do your part? Do it today! Do it this very hour! And perhaps some mother's son and some mother's daughter will live to bless your name.

For it is the young people of this country who are in cruel danger of this insidious evil.

Old people—we must do what we can for them—but after all, their feet are turned to the sunset, and it will not be long before their troubles are over.

It is to the Youth of the country that we owe this protection and this determined battle against the most cruel, the most dangerous, and the most treacherous enemy which has ever attacked the human race.

## *V—Youth's Perilous Encounter*

SEVENTEEN to twenty-two—that's the dangerous age. When it comes to the fight with dope.

So Cornelius F. Collins, Justice of the Court of Special Sessions of New York declares.

Judge Collins says: "At least one-tenth of the whole business of the Court of Special Sessions of New York County is made up of drug addicts.

"This is such a horrible situation that it brings home to all of us the absolute necessity for the doing of something which means business in the attempt to control this evil.

"We men throughout the State, who daily see the procession of these pale youths, victims of the drug habit, may be said to be men who are not unduly worked up over anything. We are somewhat like an undertaker inured to the corpse.

"The ordinary proceedings in a criminal court while calling for some emotion do not excite us.

Yet, nevertheless, this drug situation shocks us, trained and experienced as we are in the performance of our duty.

"It arouses all to the necessity for action of some kind."

Plain, reasonable talk from a plain-thinking, plain-seeing, reasonable man.

Seventeen to twenty-two—how much of a man is a lad at that age?

Seventeen to twenty-two—how much of a woman's wisdom and a woman's judgment and a woman's self-control has a girl at that age?

Seventeen to twenty-two—that's the time to catch 'em—that's what the dope ring says. Nothing imaginative or emotional or high-strung about the dope ring.

Very practical people, they are, who belong to that, from the higher-ups who buy the stuff and smuggle it into the country to the deck-hands and cabin stewards who bring it in, and the waiters and cab-drivers and bootleggers and pedlers of all sorts who sell it.

They have no illusions about the "dream powder." . . . They sell it because there's money in it—lots of money, and it's easy to get, too. . . .

That's what they're after. Money! They don't care what happens to the boys and girls who buy the drugs.

Why should they care? It isn't their business. . . . They "work up the trade" exactly as a man who sells shoes "works up the trade" for slippers and sandals and walking shoes—whatever sells best and sells quickest.

Opium—morphin—cocain—heroin—codein—and marihuana—they're all the same to them—as long as they sell. And there's no trouble about the selling part of it—not so long as light-headed girls and reckless boys "try anything once," and get "hooked" with the habit before they know what they're doing.

"Out of every one thousand youths who are examined for enlistment for the American Navy, five hundred are rejected because of physical unfitness." So Sarah Graham Mulhall, former Deputy Commissioner of New York, says.

How much have narcotic drugs to do with this state of affairs?

Ask the examining surgeons about it. They'll tell you.

The police records tell us a blood-chilling

story about the influence of narcotics on crime.

But besides the 60 percent of the criminals in our jails and in our prisons who are narcotic addicts, how about the thousands upon thousands of addicts who "get by" without being charged with any crime?

The loggers in the great logging-camps up north—outdoor men—you wouldn't think there would be much use for dope among them.

Have a talk some day with some man who is interested in wood and has a market for it. He'll tell you a tale about dope in the logging-camps that will astonish you.

The fleet of fishing-boats that goes to Alaska every year—how much dope do those boats carry, and who uses it?

Down South in the oyster canning camps along the gulf—up and down the levees of the Mississippi, when there are great cargoes to be loaded and unloaded in a hurry—the foreman of the levee gangs know all about dope. They have to know it—their men work under cocain and rest under morphin.

Not all of them, of course, but an astonishing number of them.

It isn't in the cities alone that the narcotic evil is spreading like a vile disease.

What about the women in little country villages?

They do not begin so young—they are caught in the noose when they are ill—after childbirth when the agony of the nerves and muscles is almost too great to be borne. . . . Young mothers, poor things—good women, no riffraff of the Tenderloin—good, innocent, loving, gentle little women—they take a little morphin to ease almost unbearable pain, and before they know it they are lost to everything but dope.

Husband, children, home, friends, ideals, hopes, dreams, ambitions—all gone.

Nothing left but dope.

This happens not once in a while but over and over again. Ask your family physician—he knows.

J. W. Gavit, Chief of the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press has written an authoritative book on narcotics.

He says in that book:

"The drug menace is not confining itself to any part of the world or to any order of persons.

"It has invaded every class of society, including armies and navies and groups responsible on land and sea for the safety of their fellows.

"It spares neither young nor old, and like death it seems to love a shining mark.

"There is an appalling list of brilliant people —some young and very promising—who first sought diversion in rash experiment, and soon found themselves enmeshed beyond rescue."

Day by day the world in general is waking up to the appalling truth about dope.

The Narcotic Committee of the League of Nations and the Opium Advisory Committee are doing what they can to arouse the conscience of the civilized nations and get some sort of coordinate action that will throttle this monster that threatens the youth and hope of the nations.

Here in the United States we are trying to do something practical about our own immediate problem.

Take care of the addicts. Look after the peddlers. Stop the smuggling. . . . Cut down the growth of the criminal addict class. . . . And in that fight, Representative Porter and his bill for the Federal Farms for Addicts are making a good, plain, sensible, practical step forward.

What work is your community doing to help that fight?

What work are you doing along that line yourself?

2

"I hope that America will organize the World Conference on the serious question of opium addiction and I shall come in person to attend it in America."

That is what Mussolini says in a letter received by Mrs. Sarah Graham Mulhall, former Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Drug Control of New York.

Mrs. Mulhall was sent by the Federation of Women's Clubs to study the work of the Opium Commission of the League of Nations, and she is now planning to enroll eight million American women in the fight against dope.

Italy does not grow narcotic plants.

Italy does not manufacture narcotic drugs.

But Italy has no intention of being made a dumping ground for narcotics, and Mussolini himself is determined to keep dope and dope sellers and dope users out of his country.

He isn't going to wait until it is necessary to build refuges for the poor slaves of dope.

He isn't going to have dope smuggled into his country, and woe betide any human being who tries to sneak up an alley and sell cocain or morphin or marihuana or heroin or codein to any man, woman, or child in Italy.

Any such person will not be sent to prison for a month or so, or a week or so, or maybe a day or so, and then turned loose to spread the hideous contagion of dope, like a leprosy in the community.

He will be sent to prison for life; and nobody will find any Pardoning Board to let him out again on any pretext any time, anywhere, anyhow.

Italy was not invited into the Advisory Committee in the League of Nations sub-Committee on Opium.

But that didn't keep Italy out of it.

Mussolini sent Signor Cavazzoni, an exceedingly agreeable but most plain-spoken person, to the meeting of the committee; and Cavazzoni called attention to the fact that the committee as it then stood was made up of representatives of countries which were making an excellent income, either in growing narcotic plants or manufacturing narcotic drugs.

Cavazzoni did not say exactly that he considered the wolf rather a poor member of a committee for the protection of little Red Riding Hood; but he didn't leave very much doubt as to what he meant when he demanded a place for his country on that Opium Commission.

And the moment Cavazzoni became a member of the Commission, he made himself felt. He declared that Italy did not propose to be "drugged" and "doped," or manipulated in any way as a drugging and doping center.

He declared Italy definitely an aggressive part in an aggressive program for the extermination of the dope evil.

He didn't seem to care in the least whose toes he stepped on in the matter, and when people began to talk about "business" and "profits" and world politics Signor Cavazzoni suddenly became deaf.

If America had waked up to this dope evil in time, as Italy has done, we might not have to build refuges for the pitiful slaves of a devastating disease.

Two or three years ago the average American looked upon dope as a strange vice entirely belonging to the underworld.

The average clean-living, straight-thinking American never dreamed that dope was going to come anywhere near his life or his home or anyone that he loved.

The average American has changed his mind.

He has had to change it. He has seen dope creeping into his own home and into the homes of his friends. He has watched the horrifying growth of youthful crime and he has finally got it into his head that dope is at the bottom of a great percentage of that crime.

And now he's trying to do something about it.

All over the United States people are forming clubs, joining associations and enlisting actively in the active fight against this awful evil.

Out in Seattle the White Cross Society is enlisting thousands and thousands of men and women in this war.

The Seattle Council of Churches, the Kiwanis Clubs, the Rotary Club, the University Commercial Club and half a dozen other civic organizations have telegraphed to Washington asking their representative in Congress to take a stand in this matter and to begin by voting for the Porter bill when it comes up.

Hundreds of people who belong to clubs

whose by-laws forbid endorsement of any issue pending before a political body are "burning up the wires" from Seattle asking support for the Porter bill.

The Seattle Elks have broken their rule against political activities and have enlisted almost to a man in the war against dope.

In New York the committee on cooperation of the United Synagogues of America has adopted a resolution pledging its support of the Porter Narcotic bill.

United Synagogues of America has sixty synagogues in the immediate New York district and two hundred synagogues throughout the country.

All these bodies are working actively for the passage of the Porter bill. And they are also interested in the Shortridge bill in the Senate, which asks for a larger appropriation for the Federal Narcotic Service Work.

The New York public schools are taking up the fight, and teachers from now on will be obliged by law to teach the effect of narcotics on the human system.

All through the Middle West the women's organizations have rallied to the cause.

The Porter bill will be one of the three steps in a great national and international plan to conquer the evil which is making such fearful inroads upon the youth of our country.

That bill, if it becomes a law, will take care of the poor wrecks of addicts who cannot take care of themselves.

It will protect innocent people from the dope infection.

It will lock up the dope pedler and keep him locked up.

It will lock up the dope smuggler and keep him locked up.

It will make it possible for every State in the Union to know a place where a dope addict can be sent for humane, kindly, and scientific treatment.

And it won't cost the State one penny more than it would to send that same victim to a prison or a county jail to "suffer it out" in hideous agony . . . and then go out into the world to begin the whole wretched business—all over again.

The Porter bill means hope for the dope slave. Protection for those not already infected

and a sane, practical way of handling the problem of the crowded Federal prisons.

If that bill passes, America will have taken one long step forward in the determined fight on the dope traffic and dope slavery, in this great and amazing country of ours.

## *VI—What of the Future?*

IF and when the Porter bill goes through Congress and becomes a law—what is it going to do for dope and the dope slaves?

It is going to do four very important things.

Number 1: Take care of the poor, helpless slaves who are no longer able to take care of themselves. Take care of them with kindness, with science, and with understanding. Give them a chance to get well and make a new start in life—if there is any such thing as such a chance in the world.

Number 2: Keep the dope slaves and the dope pedlers off the streets, and out of the cabarets, and out of the alleys, and away from the dance-halls, and away from the pool rooms, and the race-tracks, and the big football games, and the night clubs—put them where they cannot contaminate the innocent and where it will be impossible for them to spread the terrible disease which consumes them body and soul and heart and brain.

Number 3: Relieve the strain of terrible overcrowding in the Federal prisons. Keep the dope criminals away from the rest of the prisoners, and change the Federal penal institutions into something at least half-way manageable.

The dope slaves are the worst prisoners to control, in all the history of prison life. Take them out of the penitentiary, where they cannot receive special care, and the warden will have some chance to keep some sort of order and control in his domain.

Number 4: Keep down the market for narcotic drugs.

Take the customers away—and you take away the market—take away the market and you cut down the supply.

Four rather interesting things to be done with just one law, aren't they?

And when they are done—then what?

Just exactly how far have we gone in our war on dope?

We have won three skirmishes—the Harrison Narcotic Law, was the first sharp battle between dope and the Public Opinion of the United States.

Public Opinion won.

Limitation of the manufacture of drugs—that was a splendid victory, too.

And now the Porter Farms for Addicts. But after that—what?

The dope ring is interested in all these affairs—desperately interested—why not? There's money in dope. A great deal of money.

Blood-money—money made of tears and the anguish of broken hearts—what's that to the dope ring?

What the ring wants is money and plenty of it, and don't imagine for one minute that that ring is going to let anything interfere with the business of the ring—not if cunning and money and influence can step between right and the ring.

For instance, now that America has limited the supply of narcotics which can be manufactured in this country, and now that the other countries have promised to limit their own manufacture, what is the dope ring doing?

Many things.

There's a brand-new kind of dope for instance. Two or three kinds to be exact, and they call them in the dope ring "skid chains."

The "skid chains" are varieties of dope that were not included in the agreement concerning exportation and manufacture and importation of the Hague Convention of 1912 and the Geneva Convention of 1925.

These "skid chains" were not specifically mentioned in the conversation.

Opium, morphin, heroin, marihuana and cocain—these were all mentioned by name in the convention—but the "skid chains" were not recognized as habit-forming dope at that time.

The dope ring knows all about them now.

Ecgonin—that comes from the coca-leaf.

Eucodal — dicodid — brand-new tortures — brand-new drugs, manufactured especially for the enslaving of human beings.

They're both the derivatives of morphia—brand-new since the Health Committee of the League of Nations met—brand-new and as dangerous as morphin or cocain themselves—but not shut out under the law as yet.

Codein is known by physicians to be simply an expensive form of opium, but somehow it is not classed as a habit-forming narcotic—not in all countries—as yet.

Hurrah for codein and eucodal and dicodid—

three cheers for the "skid chains" that will help the smugglers through the custom-house without the least little particle of trouble.

There's always a new trick up the sleeve—in the drug ring.

They don't smuggle dope in from the Orient directly any more. They have a trick worth two of that: smuggle it to Honolulu, and then ship it in as bold as brass in some passenger's baggage—there's no customs search of Honolulu baggage in the ports of the Pacific—and there you are.

A man who's interested in the fight against dope found himself holding a slender thread which led him straight into the heart of the dope ring.

A physician at one of the biggest hospitals in San Francisco was the head of the ring. He had confederates on the boats coming in from the Orient—stewards, deck-hands and one or two minor officers.

The plan was this: One of the stewards bought the dope in the Orient, packed it in a certain trunk. He and his fellow conspirator brought the trunk down the gangplank and said it belonged to one of them. They had a

couple of customs men in the ring—the customs men "passed" the trunk—the trunk was taken to the doctor's house, and the Chinese cook in the house took the dope down to Chinatown and sold it.

In six months the well-known and "reputable" doctor made a profit of something like $100,000.

But when the man who found out these things gave the "tip" to a Government Secret Service man, the "tip leaked"—and the mysterious trunk lay on the wharf for days without being claimed.

And nobody was caught and nobody was punished—nobody was even "exposed."

The same sort of story can be told and truthfully told of almost any port in the United States.

When the Opium Committee of the League of Nations at Geneva asked the nations to enter into an agreement to limit the manufacture of drugs, all the nations promised, and not one single nation has kept its promise—except the United States.

There are only forty-odd narcotic factories in the whole world. It is perfectly easy to find

out where these factories are, who owns them, where they get their supplies of raw materials, and what they do with these materials.

When will the countries of the world keep the promise they made at the Hague Convention?

When will England and Holland and Germany and France limit the production of narcotics, as each one of them has already promised to do?

You can't make a narcotic drug in a still in the cellar. You can't brew opium or distill morphin in a dark closet in your own house. These things have to be made by an accurate, scientific process and made in large and accurately managed factories.

What is to prevent any honest government from keeping watch of these factories?

How are we going to go about it to get this supply of hideous poison cut off at the source?

Seeping—seeping—seeping—in it creeps by sea, by land, by "respectable" travelers, by wild adventurers. From China, from India, from Persia—the raw stuff. . . . From England, from Holland, from Germany, from France, from our own American factories—the deadly finished product.

It is like Creeping Johnny—the white mist that made it impossible for white men to live in the Canal Zone.

A man's life for every tie in the railroad that crossed the isthmus—that was the toll.

But they found the source of the contagion, and by draining the swamps and cleaning up the fever areas and keeping out the deadly insects that spread the contagion—they cleaned up the Canal Zone. They went to the source of the infection.

Isn't that what we must do when we try to fight the drug evil?

Get at the source. It isn't going to be easy. It isn't going to be simple. It will be a fight every inch of the way.

Get someone to take you to some part of the city where you will see the drug slaves shivering and burning and beating their heads against the wall and crying upon their Maker for deliverance from the agony of their flesh, and the degradation of their spirits . . . give one look at them, or at even one of them, listen to one story of heartbreak and discouragement and despair brought on by the curse of dope—and I don't believe you will think that any work is

too hard, any program too difficult,—if there is the least hope of getting this frightful menace of dope addiction under some kind of reasonable control.

THE END

Printed in the United States
116169LV00002B/64/A

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ISBN 054801924X
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